

EL PASO HERALD

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Return Of Confidence

NEW YORK financial writers of the old school now for the first time admit that the clouds of depression which have hung over the country for four years are lifting. This is the way Henry Clews, one of the most hesitant, expresses his return of optimism: "We have clearly in sight another season of agricultural prosperity, of abundant money, of favorable prospects for mercantile and industrial activity and a feeling of growing confidence among our people. We have just passed through a period of curtailment and caution, of reaction from extravagance. This spirit of caution shows signs of culminating and to that extent the prospects favor a confident merchandise buying movement that, starting with the individual consumer, cannot fail to spread to all channels of manufacturing and distribution, and in turn from trade to finance."

Locally, confidence freely expressed last year and again this spring when the Mexican disturbance quieted down, was hardly justified, for general trade has not expanded according to expectations. Certain special lines have done unprecedented business, and there are few merchants who are pinched or suffering from actual depression, but what may be said to have come to pass is that business men in the southwest have not enjoyed the percentage of increased business and increased profits that they hoped for.

The turn seems to be in sight. There is a distinctly better tone in business circles locally and throughout the southwest. Merchants are disposed to buy quite freely for fall and winter trade. Inquiry for lands, both city and country, is better than it has been for some time past, the banking situation is exceptionally sound, and all conditions are ready for full recovery whenever the people begin to think along optimistic and progressive lines again.

No one will deny that El Paso has not been asserting the power of concerted enthusiastic action as she was wont to assert it a few years ago. There has been a falling apart, a lessening of the dynamic force of the community. Men have become too self centered, and it has been hard to bring about organized aggressive action. The spirit of El Paso needs renovating. There is no underlying cause for any depression or uncertainty. Every factor is essentially favorable. Our dreams are coming or have come true. We are getting or have got what we have been waiting and wishing and working for these years and years. To some extent, the feeling of the people is due to a sort of reaction after striving so hard for the great gifts and having them at last thrust into our hands. A community suffers this way at times, just as children and grownups suffer.

National conditions are swinging into the zone of optimism and expansion. A hopeful and confident sentiment among the people will enable them to take maximum advantage of the favorable factors which are everywhere. There is no reason for any lingering doubt or hesitation. This is true locally as it is true nationally.

A general revival is due, and it will come just as soon as the people let it.

Better Watch Out

THE NEAREST approach to a scandal that has threatened the national administration in a great many years is the situation created by the request for the resignation of Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry in the agricultural department. President Taft has never tackled a question quite so full of venom, and of such widespread public interest, as this, involving the whole policy of the government with respect to enforcement of the pure food laws and the laws against adulteration of whisky.

The work of Dr. Wiley closely concerns every individual citizen. He and the pure food advocates who have backed him in his course have done a great deal of self advertising, so that Dr. Wiley and his work are well known everywhere. His press agent has never slept, and his very excellent work has not been done in darkness or silence, nor have his praises been unsung or his crown of fame left to gather dust. Fortunately, the whole country is pretty thoroughly convinced that Wiley has been right and his traducers have been wrong. Unfortunately for president Taft and some of his closest advisers, the whole country is of the opinion that the people who are after Wiley's scalp are the manufacturers and dealers who want to force doped food and adulterated liquor on the public.

The burden of proof just now is on the president. A board of employees in the agricultural department, known to be unfriendly to Wiley, has recommended his removal. The papers in the case have gone to the president, who will act. If Wiley is removed just now, under the circumstances, there will be the greatest strew the country has known for a long time, a dozen times worse than the uproar over the Alaskan coal claims or the booting of Pinchot.

The charges on which the "personnel board" seeks to have Dr. Wiley removed are flimsy, certainly no worse than to call for a reprimand. There is enough quackery about the administration of the pure food law to call for not only a most thorough investigation, but also for the maximum of publicity. President Taft and his administration are on the defensive in this Wiley matter, and they should not underestimate the strength of the popular demand for more light and proof of fair play.

Park Upon Avenue

UPSON AVENUE paving will soon come up for settlement, and the parking idea should not be allowed to drop. Let any property owner along the street right now keep his eyes open as he walks down the street, and he will see that the wheel tracks in usual course of traffic keep within a narrow way, while grass and weeds are growing outside the present curb in many places, showing that the space is not needed for traffic of wheeled vehicles. The proposed parking plan would narrow the present roadway only three feet on each side, and that would give a much more attractive arrangement for planting trees, grass and shrubs, while it would not to the slightest degree lessen the usefulness of the driveway. The parking will cost less than the corresponding strip of paving, and the annual upkeep is almost nothing.

It will be a great pity if the parking plan be allowed to fail on account of the careless neglect of the majority of owners (who really favor the parking) and the uniform and groundless opposition of a few. The time to take up the matter to insure the parking and the narrowing of the driveway, is right now, before the paving company begins work.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

HE BREAKS his back and he breaks his heart as he toils away in the clanging mart. His griefs have whitened his scanty hair, and he is bent 'neath a load of care. He's an old man now, though in years he's young, and his feet are tired and his knees are sprung; from the treadmill stunt he is never free, and his wife is planning a Yellow Tea. He's sweating blood when the bills fall through, and he walks the floor all the long night through, and he has dreams of a somber day when a sheriff's deputy comes his way. He greets the dawn with a sinking heart; he wears his clothes till they fall apart; no rest for him till he'll cross the ridge—and his wife is playing a game of bridge. To earn good money and see it go for social frivolous—ah, that is woe! To work like bees in our human hives, to gather honey for wasteful wives! To grind and worry and walk the street, with spavined bosoms and aching feet! It's hard to labor and sweat in vain—but then the matrons must entertain.

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PIERRETTE

By Herman Bang.
(Translated from Danish.)

"Oh, please do hurry, Jomfru Olsen," she said, and tapped the floor impatiently with her little foot. "It is already past 10."

How she was looking forward to the masquerade. She had never been to a masquerade. That is to say, at home, in the country, the mistress's wife had once arranged a costume ball and the young inspector from the manor had proposed to her during a mazurka. He was dressed as a trooper from Wallenstein's camp with a fierce mustache glued on to his good natured typically Danish face, which almost concealed his weak mouth. But that was no real masquerade, for everybody recognized everybody else on the spot. But tonight was a real carnival with hundreds of people and she was almost mad with joy that she was going.

"Don't you think you could stand quiet, miss, just for one moment," asked Jomfru Olsen, the old seamstress, "if you don't I am afraid I will stick a pin into you."

"Oh, but I am so happy, Jomfru Olsen."

"Is this perhaps your first dance, miss?"

"Dance," said Pierrette, in a tone of pity, "if it were nothing but a dance—but at a masquerade you do lots of things besides dancing."

She looked into the mirror and smiled at herself.

"Do you think there will be many Pierrettes, Jomfru Olsen?" she asked.

"I really don't know, miss. But surely not just like me, for my uncle Bernhard has designed my costume himself." She made nods at her image in the mirror. "Perhaps none as pretty, either," she thought, for she thought herself charming, and began humming a tune.

"Have you ever been to a masquerade, Jomfru Olsen?"

"No, miss."

"Poor Jomfru Olsen!" Then she drives off with her uncle Bernhard and aunt Fanny. Her heart is beating and she feels how she blushes and turns pale again.

"No, uncle Bernhard," she said a little later, "it is not quite as nice as I had thought. The masks stare so." She clings to his arm like a timid bird.

"After this awful Pierrette is running after me all the time."

"I recognize you, you would not enjoy yourself," said aunt Fanny.

"Oh, but I do enjoy myself, aunt Fanny!" She still clings to her uncle's arm. "But I had thought I wonder where Mr. Herlov is?" she said quite irrelevantly and felt how she blushed.

"Heaven only knows. He dined with Beckwiths and is probably in no hurry to get away from the beautiful Mrs. Kramer."

"What course," Pierrette says, and for a while walks quite silent, clinging to her uncle's arm. "Of course," she repeats, quite softly.

But Mr. Herlov came at last. They were sitting behind the big palms. Pierrette and he. For a whole hour they have been sitting there and uncle Bernhard is quite worried because he can't find her anywhere.

"I recognized you at once, Mr. Herlov. I would know you among a thousand. How did you know me?" She looks at the crowd. How funny people look! Don't you think so, too?"

"Well, yes," he thought. "I would look much more like a knight and troubadour."

He laughs. The noise of the ballroom reached their ears faintly as they sat alone in the winter garden behind the palms. Sometimes they had to bend their heads close together when the music became too loud.

Pierrette thought it a paradise, this quiet little room behind the palms and she forgot the people he had come with. She was so bewitching, the little Pierrette, like spring itself. There were many Mrs. Kramers, and Mrs. Kramer he might see tomorrow or any other day, but Pierrette was spring itself, so absolutely unlike any other girl.

"You are charming," Miss Holm, he said suddenly.

"And she was charming. Her red lips smiled, her eyes laughed, and her happiness made her beautiful face divine. The little Pierrette was in love. Her first love!

She had been in love with him long, all winter, ever since she came to Copenhagen to study music. It was a love that lived on little, a glance, a short handshake, a chance meeting. But when you love as she did you need nothing more.

On the days when she had met him, all people seemed to look happier, the sunshine was prettier, she could feel the pressure of his hand for hours, she longed for him, when she did not see him. She had never thought any further.

Here, underneath the palms, her love grew. It was awakened by the air of the music. It opened itself up with the excitement of the dancing and the night made her feel hitherto unsuspected hopes.

"Don't you dance?" Herlov asked.

How beautiful the music was, Pierrette thought. Just like the singing of the birds. She did not like to talk, she would much rather lean on his arm and let him carry her far, far away. She leaned her head a little towards his shoulder. How strong he was! And how beautifully he danced.

"Have you enjoyed yourself?" she asked. As soon as she had asked, she blushed, for she knew well that he had.

"Yes, indeed I have," he answered.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

And both smiled as their eyes met. "And you?"

"I? Oh, I had never thought I could enjoy myself so."

Again they were silent. Pierrette thought it whispered something, but she dared not listen to it.

He looked at her, took her hand, whispered something to her and while the night passed, more than half words were spoken and promises given.

When he helped her to put on her cloak, he kissed her neck just below the hair. It burnt like fire when his lips touched her, she blushed and looked at him. There were tears in her eyes.

"No, auntie, I won't catch cold," she says. She closes her door and turns the key twice. She must be alone—all alone. She must think and live over again all that has passed tonight. But she does not want to begin right away. She must get to bed first, and then lie still and dream.

It was late in the forenoon when she woke up. At first her thoughts were all confused, but then it all came back to her and she felt so happy, so safe at the thought of his love. She began to long for him. Surely he would come soon to see her, perhaps before dinner.

In the afternoon her uncle handed her a letter.

"For you, Marie," he said. "I wonder who that is from?"

Marie felt the blood rushing through her veins as she took the letter.

Yes, it was from him. She knew his handwriting. He had written a few words to aunt Fanny on his card. Why did she hesitate to open it?

It contained only three lines. Her heart trembled.

"Also to you, Miss Holm, what happened last night is, of course, only a merry carnival joke."

The letter dropped from her hand. It was as if an icy hand clutched her heart and stopped her breath. She looked at the letter that had fallen into her lap, a gray spot on the dark dress.

"Well, from whom was it?" asked uncle Bernhard.

"From my teacher. He wants me to have a lesson tomorrow."

She wanted to rush out of the room, but it felt like a heavy weight in her lap. She could not get up.

"A joke—a joke—," she leaned her head against the wall and closed her eyes. She felt her cheeks were as cold as ice.

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

"A joke! A merry carnival joke!"

Spanish Society Is Ignorant of Anglo Saxon Snobishness

Castilians Proud but Ever Courteous, and There Is No Spanish Equivalent for the Word Snob.

MADRID, Spain, July 31.—An especial charm is given to social life in Spain by the fact that snobishness has no part in it. No man is prouder of his nationality than a Spaniard, and no one is prouder of his pedigree than a Spaniard of aristocratic breeding, but it is said that there is no equivalent for the English word "snob" in the Spanish tongue. Pride exists without a desire to make others feel their lack of distinction. Spanish society is agreeably informal in the larger cities. In the country, "society" in the sense that the term is commonly used does not exist. There is no counterpart of the smart country life of England, France or other European countries. Everyone who has wealth enough to belong to smart life in Madrid, the national capital, or even in one of the old royal capitals, lives in town. The really wealthy go to Paris and London in the season.

Court the Exemplar. The court, once much more brilliant than it is now, is of course the seat of social life. During the brief reign of Alfonso XII. it was a scene of continual gaiety, but his early death plunged it into mourning and left queen Maria Cristina, as regent, the social arbiter at the royal palace. She was not inclined to revive the gaieties of the court after the period of mourning and it was not until Alfonso XIII. brought an English princess to Madrid as his queen that the court resumed even the appearance of liveliness. Even since the young queen's advent it has not been up to its former standard of gaiety, but queen Ena has striven to popularize herself with the Spaniards by showing an assumed interest in the bull ring and the ballroom, and King Alfonso's democratic ideas and personal popularity have done much to make the palace the Mecca of the socially ambitious.

The etiquette of the Spanish court used to be extremely formal. King Alfonso XII. was somewhat of an iconoclast and smashed a few precedents at the court. He also dispensed with some of the more annoying royal tape within the palace, but the court still retains a peculiar dignity and abundance in lackey and ladies-in-waiting, whose numerous duties and formalities correspond with their importance as factors in the maintenance of the degree of stateliness that is deemed necessary.

Old Style. "Hand Kissings." Former palace receptions were called "hand kissings." Nowadays there is a little less heavy formality, but it is when one secures the honor of an audience with king Alfonso that some of the more annoying royal tape within the palace, but the court still retains a peculiar dignity and abundance in lackey and ladies-in-waiting, whose numerous duties and formalities correspond with their importance as factors in the maintenance of the degree of stateliness that is deemed necessary.

At the Constitution plaza, those who took part in the program were seated in the band stand, around a portrait of Hidalgo, which was draped with banners and a national colors. J. Nattali Amador, federal judge of Ciudad Juarez, opened the exercises with an address and was followed by Alfredo Alcala, Jr., of the Benito Juarez club, and Juan N. de la p. official club, "Club de Mayo." An original poem, written by Juan Amador, a civil engineer of Ciudad Juarez, was delivered by Miss Luz Maestros. The address of the school of the city gave a dialogue on the subject of the place and verse which was followed by the placing of floral wreaths at the base of the picture of Hidalgo.

During the exercises in the plaza Concha's band played.

RECRUITS ARE SENT TO FORT HUACHUCA

Two troop cars, containing 55 men, passed through on Monday from Jefferson barracks, St. Louis, to Fort Huachuca, Arizona. The men are recruits and will be assigned to the Sixth cavalry. The men are in charge of sergeant F. Gilbert.

R. Warren, general agent of the El P. S. W. and E. G. Mustin, traveling freight and passenger agent of the same road, returned from a trip in the two territories.

Nataly, A Girl's Name

What It Means—Famous People That Bore the Name—The Name in History, Literature, Etc. (Copyright, 1910, by Henry W. Fischer.)

In some of the Latin countries, where the name of Natalia is much in use, girls named Nataly are often called "Christ-child," since the name is derived from Dies Natalis: The Birthday.

Dies Natalis is, of course, our Christmas, Natal-day. Christmas was used as a girl's name in England at the period when children were either called by the title of the festival day on which they happened to be born, or in honor of the patron of their birthday.

Hence the popularity of Noel in France. Noel is a contracted translation of Natal day, like the Welsh Nadolig.

A pretty Spanish form is Nattalia, meaning Christmas-Child.

Nattalie is a Hebrew form of the name, that may or may not mean the same as Nataly. Some writers associate it with "Nathan."

Nathan is an abbreviation of Nathaniel, said to mean "Gift of God." This meaning would seem to coincide well with "Christmas-child."

Italy uses the stately Natalie, every letter sounded. The Spaniards and Portuguese drop the final "e."

Wherever the Greek church rules, Nataly is among the most popular names. The Greeks use Nattalia, the

Russians, Nataschenka and Natascha; Nare and Natusche are often Slav versions.

In France Natalie is becoming a society name owing to the many rich Russians residing there.

The Germans use Natalie (every letter sounded) sparingly and some of their noted writers translate the name "The virtuous" without setting authority, probably for the reason that there is none.

Nataly, dowager queen of Serbia, was the daughter of a Russian colonel of the lower nobility. She married Milan of Serbia when a girl of 15. When she was 28 the king divorced her legally. She was the mother of the hapless king Alexander of Serbia, murdered, together with his queen, Draga, some 19 years ago. Queen Nataly, who lives at the Riviera, is said to have embraced the Catholic religion and promised her large fortune to the pope.

Nataly Von Eschstruth is one of the most successful and popular novelists in Germany. Her first book appeared in 1881, and there has not been a year since when she did not publish one or more novels. She is married to Baron Knobelsdorff.

Abe Martin

By Frederick J. Haskin



There's gittin' t' be too many folks that work just long enough t' git a suit o' clothes. Th' feller that won't pay anything believes in treatin' ever'buddy alike.

LETTERS To the HERALD

NORTH CLOUDCROFT STATEMENT. Cloudcroft, N. M., July 29.

Editor El Paso Herald: In an article on page 6 of your issue of July 28, there appears an article with reference to the shooting of the negro quarters of the employees of the Lodge Monday night. There is so much rumor and so little fact contained therein, so great an injustice is done North Cloudcroft, that to let the matter pass with no notice of the article being taken might lead the people to believe that North Cloudcroft was inhibited by hoodlums.

The fact of the matter is, that the people of North Cloudcroft have been more interested in their efforts to ascertain who the guilty parties are, than have the cottagers, and their efforts have not abated for one instant since the affair occurred. The people of North Cloudcroft, who live here throughout the year, have a greater interest in the welfare of the town and in maintaining order, than have the cottagers, who are here for only a few months each year; and there is as much, if not more reason to believe, that the atrocity was committed by some one who is here only for a short time than by the people of the town, that it was done by the people of North Cloudcroft.

There is less prejudice here, I dare say, than in El Paso against the negro, and your article does the people of this town a great injustice. Every effort is being made by the business men and citizens of North Cloudcroft to fix the guilt and their efforts will not be hindered in any degree until it is fixed.

Cottagers of course deplore this affair, but the feelings of the business men and residents here are greater than theirs can possibly be, for they are interested from personal, business and moral motives in seeing that such events do not recur.

In justice to the good citizens of North Cloudcroft I hope you will publish this, for it is a great injustice to this town to have the world at large believe that it is filled with hoodlums.

J. I. Bailey.

[Nothing has been published in the Herald reflecting unfavorably upon the decent and law abiding people of North Cloudcroft. Their activity in attempting to fix the guilt for last week's crime is highly commendable. A summary resort patronized so largely by women and children cannot be of much use unless it is orderly.—Editor]

FIRST FATALITY FROM NEW DOG LAW

Collector's Dog Attempts to Board Car and Is Killed.

The first fatality resulting from the city ordinance prohibiting dogs from riding on street cars has occurred. "Dan," the valuable Alredale terrier owned by customs collector A. L. Sharpe was the victim of the city vigilance in protecting street car passengers.

"Dan" followed his master to the street car, and when it started he attempted to jump on. Mr. Sharpe put him off a number of times and ordered him back to the house. But the faithful animal continued following the car and in attempting to jump on board he was killed.

Mr. Sharpe, he fell under the wheels and was injured so badly that it was necessary to end his life. "Dan" was a full blooded Alredale and was one of the most valuable dogs in the city.

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